THE CHRYSANTHEMUM, A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

From The Boston Traveller. Oh, sleep, my children, sleep!
Lie close together on your cold, hard bed.
What have ye now but sleep! The fire is dead,
And there remains but one poor crust of bread,
That I against your bungry waking keep.

Oh, sleep, my children, sleep!
The timbers groan with frost, and creaks the floor;
The moonlight glances on the panes all hear;
The wind heaps up the snow against the door.
A voice I hear; outside, some child doth weep.

My children are asleep;
But thou, young lamb, wide straying from the fold,
I pity thee, feet bleeding, numb with cold.
Eat thou their bread—a morsel dry and oid;
To warm thyself, beneath their cover creep.

Sleep well, my children, sleep!
And thou, too, sleep, poor wanderer, till the day.
What vexeth thee! Wilt thou no longer stay!
How strangely gone! No footprint marks the way.
But flowers start through the drift so smooth and

O children, leave your sleep!
Come hitner, come, and see this wondrous thing,—
Rough Winter to his bosom folds the Spring!
A holy guest to us the night did bring;
These flowers he left, himself we could not keep.

My children, leave your sleep!
Leave empty dreaming on your cold, hard bed;
For now the house is light, the hearth blooms red
Be hungry now no more; with meat and bread
Do heavenly hands unseen the table heap.
EDITH M. THOMAS.

JACK'S COURTSHIP.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Author of "The Wreck of The Groscenor," "A Sea-Queen," "An Ocean Free-Lance," etc. CHAPTER XXVII-CONTINUED.

Presently a Blackwall train arrived, a lot of people tumbled out, and I took my seat in a firstclass carriage, that smelled like the parlor of a public-house after a night's orgy. Just as we were about to start, the door was flung open, and a man bundled in. I was full of thought, and hardly glanced at him. Presently he said: "Very gentcel rolling-stock they have on this line, sir! suppose anything's good enough for sailors. Do you object to my lighting a pipe to kill the fragrance in this atmosphere ?"

"Not at all," said I, looking at him hard, struck by his voice, in which I fancied I could eatch a note

that was familiar to me. He was a rather short, squarely-built man of about forty years of age, with reddish whiskers, and beard that half circled his face, as though you cut a coil of rope in half and passed it under your chin with the ends against your ears; his face was the reddest I ever saw on a man, and rendered peculiar by the color lying in lines and blotches, so that when you took a close squint at him his skin seemed to be covered with a red lace veil, with the mesbes thickened in places. He had fine, honest, laughing eyes and a hearty, cheerful expression of countenance, and was in his way the completest figure of a merchant seaman one could imagine, dressed in dark-blue cloth, and a cap with a shovel-faced peak to it. Finding me staring at him, he began to stare at me, meanwhile groping in his side pockets for his pipe and tobacco. At last I said: "Six years ago I was shipmates with a second mate aboard the Montrose, named Daniel Thompson. If you are not he, then you must be the devil."

"Daniel Thompson is my name," said he, " and six years ago I was second mate aboard the Montrose.

And—why, heart alive, oh! you're Jack Seymour!" And with a sailor's warmth he flung down his pipe and tobacco-pcuch, jumped into the seat opposite me, and grasped both my hands. "Think of my not knowing you!" cried he. "But then you've grown a mustache -and you're a a foot taller-and who

he blazes would recognize Jack Seymour in those bore-going duds?"

"This is a strange meeting. Thompson," said I; will you believe it, I was actually bound in quest fyou? I'm going to the docks to have a look at our Strathmore. Do you know, I'm thinking of ailing with you!"

of you? I'm going to the docks to have a look at your Strathmore. Do you know, I'm thinking of sailing with you!"

"Sailing with you!"

"Sailing with me!" he exclaimed, letting go my hands and returning to his pipe. "Why, I heard that you had knocked off the sea some years agocome into an estate—and was living up to the hammer somewhere or other."

"Oh," said I, laughing, "don't suppose I'm going to sea with you as a sailor. I'm thinking of taking a cabin in your ship for a voyage to New South Wales. I saw your name in the advertisement as skipper, and just now called at the office of the company to make sure of you, and they told me I should find you aboard."

"I hope you'll come with me! I hope you'll come!" cried he in his hearty fashion. "We'll find many a yarn to spin together—many a talk over old days. But what in the name of Moses takes you to see again even as passenger? Didn't you get enough

many a yarn to spin together—many a talk over our days. But what in the name of Moses takes you to see again even as passenger? Didn't you get enough of sait water in your time? Only let somebody leave me an estate," said he, lighting his pipe, " and there's never a house agent in the United Kingdom who could find me a dwelling deep enough juiand." "I'll tell you presently why I am going to sea again," I replied. "But first let's hear of yourself. Are you married? Are you saving money? How long have you been skipper?"

He answered these questions by a story that carried us to Blackwall; and though I kept on nodding and saying "oh!" and "really!" and "indeed." I am afraid I did not give his yarn all the attention he believed it was receiving. The truth is, my mind was so busy with my own affairs that I could think of nothing else; though I took in enough of what he said to gather that he was married and had couple of youngsters, that his wife had a trifle of money, and that he had commanded the Strathmore two years.

two years.
We sallied forth arm in arm, he jabbering incess

money, and that he had commanded the Strathmore two years.

We sallied forth arm in arm, he jabbering incessantly, and, after walking a bit, came abreast of a ship whose name 1 did not need to inquire. I stopped to have a look. There in front of me lay the counterpart of the vessel in whose heart I had passed many a long menth, whose mastheads I had watched swaying under stars which no northern dweller ever beholds, whose massive shrouds had shricked back the refrain of the Cape Horn hurricane, whose topmost canvas had glimmered like dissolving wreaths of vapor and the breathless gloom of the hushed tropical night.

"What are you stopping for?" shouted Thompson.

What do you see that you're staring about 1 Anything wrong there?

"See?" craed I; "why, the picture of my old life, Daniel—the old business of the lenely watch, the streaming decks, the burk under which I used to grope for my boots when the horrid shout of 'eight bells' awoke me from dreams of feather-beds, and soft tack and mutton-chops for breaklast. What a joily life the sailor's is, Thompson! why, I'd rather be a rat in your lazaretto than go through it again. And yet hang me if the sight of that craft of yours don't mfuse a sort of tenderness into me too, though for all I know her iron ribs may be only one degree removed from the ore, and her timber planking as rotten as an old Stilton cheese."

"Don't you go and make any mistake of that kind, my young friend," exclamed Thompson.

"Rotten! why, as a matter of strength the Tower of London's a joke to that ship, and as to her angle frames being one degree removed from the ore, there's nothing wanting but a little grinding to convert them into the loveliest razors in the world. But come aboard, man, come aboard," and we stepped along the plank over the side and sprang on to the deck.

A dock is to a ship what a dressing-room is to a lady, and you must expect dishevelment until she salles forth into her cean-world, when you will find her dressed in the latest fashion, painted and sparkling, and dropp

yards were down, an the saits should and grimy faces grinned at you over the coamings of the main-batch; a crane alongside was slinging cases of merchandise into her, and her main deck was a surface of straw, dirt, wet, and what sailors cail raffle. But just as a pretty wench with tousled hair, dirty face, besoiled frock, and with toes peeping out of her yawning boots, preserves her prettiness, and takes the eye in spite of her squalid attire, so did the Strathmere offer to the experienced gaze every point of a handsome, powerful clipper ship, notwithstanding her grimy decks, her disordered yards, the nakedness of her upper spars, her rigged-in jibboom. She was, as the advertisement about her said, a composite ship, that is, built of iron trames covered with wood. She was slightly longer than the Portia, with a trill less of beam, and had the reputation of being a very fast sailor, though what is termed a wet ship. This, indeed, might have been gnessed by looking at her bows, which were almost like a yacht's, with hardly any perceptible swell or "flaring." Her lower masts were painted white; she had channels—though even then those appendages for spreading wide the lower rigging were going out of date—and checkered, sides, a broad white hand running the length of her, broken with painted ports; so that, with her square stern decorated with a row of cabin windows, short royal-mastheads, and exceedingly square yards, she might at a distance have passed for a frigate.

Thompson, however, gave me very little time to look about; for, after taking a squint down the main hatchway and bawling out some question to the people below, he again seized my arm and walked me into the cuddy, as the saloon under the poop was always called. This was a fine sweep

by The Tribune.

of cabin, most handsomely decorated with maple panellings, and stanchions cased in satinwood, superbly fluted and gilded, while as much as was revealed of the mizzenmaxt was cased so as to resemble a Corinthian column, abgeast of which a pianoforte was secured. A very handsome staircase led into the steerage on the lower deck; on either side were the cabins or berths; while overhead were two large skylights, racks full of glass for the tables globes for goldfish, together with a row of brightly burnished swinging-trays, hanging over the tables, which were shaped like the letter T, one running athwartships atop, and the other coming down nearly the whold length of the cuddy. I am no apholsterer or house decorator, and cannot talk to you about this interior in such a way as to make you understand what a radiant, breezy drawing-rosm of a place it was; but I often recall it and other passenger-ships' saloons I have peeped into, when I hear of the splendors of the present age in that way, and wonder that there should be so much bring about us, really, as though in magnificence of marine decoration we had gone leagues ahead and clean out of sight of our ancestors; the truth being that many a long year before my time, in the days of John Company's ships and the castle-like West India traders, the cabins lined by old nabobs and opulent planters at an immense cost were a perfect blaze of costly farniture; as let noble Tom Cringle testify, who, in speaking of a vessel that he boarded, of five hundred tons, rattles away about panels fitted with crimson cloth, edged with gold mouldings, and superb damask hangings before the stern windows and side berths, and plate-glass mirrors and brilliant swinging-lamps, and a splendid grand piano and a rubber-case richly carved and gilded to resemble a pain tree, "the stern painted white, and interlaced with golden fretwork like the lovenges of a pinea, pile, while the leaves spread up and abroad in the roof," and so on and so on. Faith, I often think there is a deal of the swab in our of cabin, most handsomely decorated with maple

But let me haul off from these distracting reflec But let me haul off from these distracting reflections before I lose my temper and grow personal; for hang me if I'm not already in the humor, mates, to give you an idea of what honest disgust sounds like. Well, as I have said, Daniel Thompson marched me through the cuddy, past the mizzenmast and the piano, and the stove, into his cabin, the door of which he closed, and, overhauling a locker, took from it a box of cigars, and four fat bottles, and then producing some glasses pointed to the cigar-box and afterward to a chair, and said: "Now, Mr. Jack Seymour, make yourself at home, sir." This I did without parley, helping myself to a glass of excellent liquor and fighting a cigar. He did likewise, and in a few minutes we lay sprawling upon the lockers talking like brothers.

"This is the sort of cabin to go to sea in, Daniel,"

"This is the sort of cabin to go to sea in, Daniel,

ing upon the lockers talking line blothers.

"This is the sort of cabin to go to sea in, Daniel," said I casting my eyes round, "room to grope about in when something you want fetches away and gets lost, and a good view of the world out of those back windows. Is the cabin alongside as roomy?"

"Just the same size," he answered.

"They told me at the office that it's taken by a Miss Damaris Hawke."

"Oh," said he, "that's the lady that came home with us this time. And she's going out again with us, eh? She's a rum old fish; only wants a peajacket to make her a sailor. Coming on deck one night in the tropics she stepped aft and found the man at the wheel nodding, whereupon, hang me. Seymour, if she didn't take him by the arm and shake him and ask him if he knew where he was going. The man fell to abusing her—he was a little Dane—and the shindy brought the second mate to them. We laughed till we cried when he told me the story, and ever after the hands forward called her Lady Dann-her-eyes, an put her into their songs. D'ye know her?" said he suddenly, as if struck by my face.

"Thousand" said I. "Fill tell you all about it—

the story, and ever after the mains two their her Lady Dann-her-eyes, an put her into their songs. D'ye know her?' said he suddenly, as if struck by my face.

"Thompson," said I, "Fil tell you all about it—why I'm interested in Mss Damaris Hawke, why I'm going to Australia why I choose this ship. But it's a protound secret, Damel; a matter that concerns my very senses, for if I'm dished I shall go mad. On your henor as an old shipmate you'll stow what I'm about to tell you as deep down into your silence and confidence as it'll go?"

"Well," he replied, laughing, "so long as it don't involve any scuttling job, or firing job, you may trust me."

Thereupon, without any further preface, I told him the whole story; how I had gone to Clifton on a visit to some relatives, and failen in love with Florence "Hawke; how her father wanted her to marry another man named Regizald Morecombe, whose offer she had refused; how Aunt Damaris had arrived from Sydney, and, as I supposed, recommended her brother to send Florence with her to Australia as a good way of getting rid of me; how, as I had no occupation, nothing m the world to do. I had made up my mind to go to Australia with her, and how my resolution had been completed by discovering that the ship whose name Florence had mentioned was commanded by an old shipmate and friend.

He listened as attentively and gravely as if I was

covering that the snip whose hand of shipmate and friend.

He listened as attentively and gravely as if I was talking to him on freights and bills of lading, and when I had done said: "I understand Jack; is the girl worth the trouble you are going to take?"

"Stop till you see her," said I.

"I sane fond of you?" he asked.
"I think she is," I rephed.
"And I suppose," said he, "that you reckon upon getting her to promise to marry you on your arrival at Sydney."

I nodded, for there was no use in telling him that this voyage was only undertaken by me as a part of a somewhat forform courtship.

"I'm afraid," said he, "you'll find the annt a big monthful as a pill. Does your sweetheart know you intend to join her!"

"No! nothing has been said—nobody but my uncle and you are aware of my intention. I'll get you to tell her I'm aboard when we're clear of the river."

He grinned and exclaimed: "I suppose you don't mind trusting me now that you know I have a wife. I wordered at your curosity when you asked me if

yon to tell her I'm aboard when we're clear of the river."

He grinned and exclaimed: "I suppose you don't mind trusting me now that yon know I have a wife. I wondered at your curiosity when you asked me if I was married; but I anderstand your fears: I was a very suspicious man myself when I was in love." I langhed as I looked at his jolly, bright-red face, and observed the self-complacency in it.

"But 'darn me,' you're giving me as skipper of this vessel a rum commission. I hope, when I've told her you're aboard, you'll do the rest of the business yourself. I'm no hand at messages. I never could talk soft, and when I asked my girl to marry me all I could find to say was: 'Susan shall we get spliced!' say the word, and when you're ready there'll be a cab at the door with me in it.' After all," said he, "I lain talk is better than romancing. A woman knows what you mean when you sheer alongside of her, and would much rather you should speak out than hambug with her hands and keep her waiting."

"Your views are very correct," said I, "but every man has not your nerve. Daniel, there's one thing I shall have to do. I wish it were not necessary, but I don't see my way without it."

"What!" he asked.

"I shall have to ship under an assumed name. Pli tell you why: Auni Damaris has never seen me; but she would instantly guess who I am if she were to hear of me as Jack Seymour; and a person capable of giving a seaman a talking to, you may depend on it she could furnish me with even less opportunity of being with my darling than I should find if we all remained at Bristol."

"That's quite true," said he, "If you ship as Brown or Jones you can talk and walk with your sweetheart without exciting the anni's suspicions—unless, indeed, you pile on your attentions too thick."

"I'll not do 'hat," said I; "at all events while "Fil not do 'that," said I; "at all events while she's looking."
"There's no reason," said he, "why you shouldn't take an alias. It's the usual thing with murderers, and forgers, and thieves, and why not with lovers I But I say, Seymour, whatever new maine you take, please stick to your Christian handle; for I'm sure to call you Jack when I'm not thinking, and if you ship as Alfred or William the slip will be awkward."
"Let's settle upon a name at once," said I. "Give me something that'll come easy to you."
"Anothing in two sylinkles, will do for me," he

"Let's settle upon a name at once," said I. "Give me something that'll come easy to you."

"Anything in two syliables will do for me," he answered; "what do you think of Johnson ?"

"Too common," I replied, "If Aunt Damaris resembles her brother she respects blood—you know what blood is, don't you, Daniel ?"

"Pve heard of it," he replied; "it belongs to the upper circles, don't it? and is rarely to be found in anything much lower than a squire."

"As I was saying, if the aunt respects blood it'll be worth while to impress her. I wish you'd allow me three syliables, Daniel."

"Well, I don't mind three," said he; "but whatever it is, let it be pronounced as it's spelled. We brought home a man last voyage called Majoribauks. When I saw the name written, dash my wig if I didn't think he was in the army, and I kept on calling him Major Banks until, growing annoyed, he rounded on me with, Excuse me, Captain, my name is Marchbanks." No doubt the correct thing to do with a major is to make him march," said he, grinning from ear to car over his vile pun, "but if major's to be called march why isn't it spelled march."

"What do you think of Trevelyan?" said I. He reflected and said he doubted if he should be able to remember it, and asked me to give him something in the nautical line. But nothing that I could think of as belonging to a ship or the sea would satisfy me, so after a number of suggestions we fixed upon Egertion as having an aristocratic sound and being easy to pronounce.

On the whole, my friend did not seem so much as-

On the whole, my friend did not seem so much as-On the whole, my friend did not seem so much astonished by my scheme as I had expected; but this might be because sailors see so many strange things and pass through so many curious adventures that the faculty of being amazed is soon worn out in them. We continued for some time talking about the voyage and Miss Damaris Hawke, and other matters; and then I went to look at the unlet cabins, and after peering and considering, decided upon taking No. 4, it being the roomiest of those which remained unhired, and for that reason safe to choose on the chance of some fellow sharing it with me.

join you at Gravesend we may take it that they are not going to Australia in the Strathmere."

"Ay," he replied, "for when we leave Gravesend we go ciean away to Australia, I hope. You may certainly take it, as you say, for if they don't join the ship at Gravesend they've either postponed the voyage or abandoned it."

"Then, of course, I shall go ashore again," said I.

"What!" cried he; "forfeit your passage money and the delights of eighty or ninety days of sea, and my society?"

I laughed, and said, "But there's no use supposing they wou't come. Hawke's not a man to send your company a check unless he meant to get something for it."

"If it is to depend upon the aunt," he said, "you need not fear of being disappointed. She likes the ship and she likes me: and I now recollect that, when we were in the Channel, she asked me if there was any chance of my taking the same mafes and stewards with me next time, as she thought the former very safe gentlemen to sail with, and the stewards she considered extremely attentive. That looks as if she had made up her mind, even then. Depend upon it, she'll come, if she can."

I asked who the mates were, but he gave me names which were unknown to me. I then took a turn over the vessel; never, on any account, to let it be supposed that I had here to sea as a sailor, buit to let the passengers imagine that he called me Jack because we had known cach other as boys; and I wonnd up by asking him to come and spend a day with me at the West End; but this he said he could not manage as his wife and children were in the country, and he meant to pass a few days with them, and when he returned his hands would be too full of business for visiting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOODWINKING.

I will spare you an account of the thoughts with which I beguiled my ride home, and the various reflections which kept me as restless as a buoy in a seaway. So far everything had been plain sailing; Daniel Thompson had proved to be my old shipmate, and the man, of all others, whom I would have chosen to go to sea with on such an errand as mine; a berth had been secured by Aunt Damaris and Florence and half the passage-money paid, and the only fly in this pleasant pot of ointment with which I was greasing the ways of my courtship was the fear that at the last moment Hawke might change his mind and keep Florence at home.

change his mind and keep Florence at home.

However, my business was to go on steering a straight course and take my chance of the wind holding steady; and, accordingly, on my return home from the docks, I forwarded the necessary deposit money to Duncan, Golightly & Co., for the cabin No. 4, and signed myself John Egerton, feeling a trifle uncomfortable, perhaps, as I did so, though surely my conscience was needlessly sensi-tive, for I was as guiltless of all wrong-doing in assuming a name as is any actor who puts on a wig and runs upon the stage, and calls himself the Duke of Gloster.

A few days after I had visited the Strathmore went down to Clifton. Hearty as was my respect for my uncle's character, I never could think of him as a man capable of holding his peace, and I was in constant fear that he would betray my projects to his wife, and that the news would reach Florence and perhaps old Hawke. But I was mistaken. He was as secret as the grave. He had not only not given his wife or daughters the least hint of the truth, but he assured me that he had done his best to dismiss the thing from his own mind, that he might humbug his conscience into believing that he

was as ignorant as the others.
"I want," says he, "to be able not only to look but to fed innocent when the truth comes out, so that, should Mr. Hawke call upon me, or send me an unpleasant letter, I shall be able to talk to him with

the sense of being an injured man."

This policy in him suited me perfectly; and I begged him to ask no more questions about my schemes, "For the more I talk," said I, "the more you are obliged to know; whereas, if nothing be said, you cannot be sure, even while we now converse, that I am still bent on going to Australia."

"You're right," he replied; " and so we'll confine ourselves to Punch-and-Judy or the weather, though, for all that, his cariosity was so sharp-set that I believe he would have been glad to take his

that I believe he would have been glad to take his chance of his conscience had I offered him the least encouragement to make inquiries.

However, as I have said, it answered my purpose very well to keep him silent and ignorant. I was a bachelor, but I knew what married people are, and how, if a wife comes to sexpect that her husband is hiding anything from her, she will never rest till sale has it out of him. But I had a very difficult part to play with Sophie, so difficult that it drove me back to London next day and determined has to visit them no more this side my voyage, though but for that I sl outh have been gliad to eke out the time that remained by spending a week at Chiton, where for that I slouid have been glad to eke out the time that remained by spending a week at Chiton, where I could have kept myself posted in all the latest news about the Hawkes' movements. The fact is, both Sophie and Ameria expected to find me miser-ably disconsolate, and I reckoned that Florence would either suspect my sincerity as a lover or guess that I had some scheme on hand, if I was not reorted to her by my consins as being broken down, consequently I had to put on the look of a man whose heart is bleeding, and no harder job was 1 ountenance an enormous achievement.
Yet somehow I managed so well that my consins

Yet somehow I managed so well that my consins honestly believed I was in a wretelied state of mind, and Sophie did all she could to cheer me. She told me (the moment she had an opportunity of speaking to me arone) that she had met Florence soon after her return from the north, in company with her sister, who was in a bath-chair, and had walked with her for nearly half an hour, scarcely noticing Emily, who was very cool, and talking to Florence in order to get all the news she could for me.

"I hope you told her," said I in my most melancholy manner, "that her going to Australia was an awful blow to me."

"I did, Jack," she replied. "I said that if your heart was not broken outright it was because you

"I did, Jack," she replied. "I said that if your heart was not broken outright it was because you believed that separation would not alter her, and that she would bring back the same loving, loyal neart she took with her, and renew your chance of proving your devotion. "Before I come back,'s said ste,' I daresay he will have found out that he mistook his feelings. He is very young, Sophic, and, indeed,'s and she, sighing so prettily, Jack, he ought not to want nor give me a thought when I sin gone, for who knows whether I shall ever return \(\textit{T}^n\) I groaned so heavyly at this that for the moment I was alraid, from the look Sophie gave me, that she considered it almost too ful of angusis to be home.' But an uneasy conscience is always putting wrong

considered it almost foo ful of angaish to be home. But an ancasy conscience is always putting wrong constructions upon things.

"I answered," continued Sophie, "that though you were young you were old enough to be stauch, and I begged her not to leave England without giving me some token for you to remember her by—something for you to go on wearing until she came back."

"What did she say to that!" I asked.

"Why, that she would send me something for you. It hasn't come yet, but the moment it arrives you shall have it."

combe f³
At this point we were interrupted and had to break off; nor was I sorry, for it was desperately hard to maintain an air of misery when alone with Sophie, whose sympathy was bound to rend T her uncommonly shrewd; and, besides, conjectures as to Hawke's intentions were exceedingly unprofitable, seeing that sll I required to be satisfied upon was that Aunt Damaris and Florence meant to sail to Sydney in the Strathmer.

"Will you come aboard in the docks or at Gravesend ?" asked Thompson.
"In the docks." I replied. "If the Hackes don't querading, and was sure that my coasins would find

me out if I did not look shiftp and haul off. Sophie seemed a good deal struck by my impatience to be gone, and expressed her surprise that I did not stay, if only for the chance of seeing Florence before she left English.

"Do you think," cried I, "that I could say goodby to my darling, who leaves with a misgiving that we may never meet again? Sophie, I could not control myself—the trial would be too much for me. No! tell her, should you meet, why I hurried away; and, above all, let me have whatever she desires me to remember her by when you get it."

Whether this satisfied Sophie I did not trouble myself to find out. I knew that whatever might be her thoughts I should right myself with Florence in the Strathmore, and mean while my business was to keep my plan secret; so before leaving my relations I told my uncle not to expect to see me at Clifton again, as the obligation to play a hypocritical part was altogether too land, and I felt that every sham sigh I heaved was an outrage upon Sophie's affectionate, faithful nature.

"All right, my boy, do as you please," said he; but I hope you'll send us a letter from Gravesend to let us know you're gone."

"Certainly," I amswered.

"And, on reflection," he continued, "I think you had better address your letter to me, telling me your notive in going, and so on, as though I knew nothing about it. It will be something for me to flourish herore old Hawke should he trouble me; and it we were alone I bade him good-by, for unless he came to see me in London we should not meet again before I sailed. I had never said larewell to my father when I started on a vorage with more cunction than I felt as I held word want her to see me in London we should not meet again before I sailed. I had never said larewell to my father when I started on a vorage with more cunction than I felt as I held word went it came, between the second my maner as I took my leave of the meet for months and perhaps years; and tnanked her again no to fall she would like to do for me, for my my my my my my m

taking my chance of what might follow when we were landed on Australian soil, that, now that the hour I had so long looked forward to was arrived, and I had practically embarked, as I may say, on my wild and singular undertaking, I set about the job of joining the ship with the same cool deliberateness of mind I should have possessed had I been going in her as mate, for seven or eight pounds a nonth, or as a passenger bound on some important commercial errand. It was about half-past 10 when I reached the ship, and the scene of life raised up in me such a flavor of my old calling that I felt as if I had no business to be going leisurely aboard, but ought to be tumbling about the decks, shouting out orders and seeing all ready for hauling out of dock. The Strathmore was now in regular sea-going trim, loaded down to well above the line of her yellow sheathing, all yards across and the sails bent, the longboat full of live-stock, the hencoops along the poop crammed with poultry, large squares of com-pressed hay (which illing a farmyard smell upon the air) secured near the main rigging, blue-peter floating lazily at the fore, the company's house flag at the main, and the English ensign at the peak. The main-deck was full of people, steerage and 'tweendeck passengers and their friends, conversing in groups, and waiting for the inevitable signal for departing. The scene was a familiar one to me, and yet I found myself, as I stepped over the gangway, goraps, and wating for the inevitable signal for deconstructions upon things.

constructions upon things.

constructions upon things.

constructions upon things.

were young you were old enough to be stanch, and I
begged her not to leave England without giving me
some token for you to remember her by—something
for you to go ou wearing until she came back.

"What doth she say to them moment it arrives you
shall have it."

This moved me to a degree that made the tremor
in my voore real enough. Indeed, I was as much
too settred and altected by Florence's promise, as
an indication that I had made greater progress into
the darring's neart than I had dared to hope. I
squeezed my consul's hand and thanked her tenderity for her singestion to Florence, and then asked
if there was no chance at all. Florence
indeed there that every preparation was being made
for the voyage, their cabin was secured, and they
would join the ship at Gravescal.

would join the ship at Gravescal.

Australia: the surgestion came from Aunt Damars,
and was immediately on his conduct, for his willingness to lose her society at home and subject to
the firther's resolution; she never remembered speaking
about me or behaving in any way to account for
such an extreme step as sending her all thous you
hand you had you had been to be driven to the
firther's reasons for sending her away.

"No. She has no suspicion. For my part, I belikeve her father's selending her away.

"And Jack Seymour was at the bottom of her
father's reasons for sending her away,
thank and had had her way,
thank and had had had had had had be accompanying her aunt, and the service of the world. But I say the me and subject to
the father's reasons for sending her away.

"And show the subject of the world.

"At this point we were interrupted and had to
the world. But I say be to the direct of the
world, and the subject of the world.

Sophie, whose synpathy was bound to rend 'r her
uncommonly shrewd; and, besides, conjectures as
to Hawke's intentions were exceedingly upprofi

hever can tell what may not set Aunt Damaris put-ting two and two together. Look for yourself." Wherenpon, putting my bag upon the table, I marched to No. 6 cabin, knocked, received no an-swer, tried the handle, found the door unlocked,

and peeped in.
A single glance was enough: one side of the cabin

me out if I dot put bed affig out hand off. Spills on the count of the

ter to an end with a proper sentimental flourish. Having finished this job, leaving the envelope open for the postscript I had promised, I put on my hat and shoved my head out of the cabin-door to see who might be about before boldly issuing forth, since, for all I could tell, Florence might have come aboard waile I was below. True, I had understood she was to join the ship at Gravesend, but her aunt might have changed her mind and chosen to start from the dock; anyhow, I could not be sure, and the very last thing I wanted was to plump up against the darling unawares, and frighten her before her aunt or anybody else into a betrayal of our being auid acquaintance; and so I say I peered out cantiously, saw a group of persons talking near the companion steps, and an under-steward in a camlet tacket rubbing the table; but there was nobody I knew in sight; so I walked on the main-deck and found to my surprise that we were out of the docks and in the river, and that a tug had got hold of us and was canting our head toward midstream.

I walked a short distance forward so as to be able

and in the river, and that a tug bad got hold of us and was canting our head toward midstream.

I walked a short distance forward so as to be able to see who was on the peop before going there. Most of the 'tween-deck and steerage folks were below, but a few had clambered on to the bulwarks, and a knot of them stood on the forecastle waving their hats and handkerchiefs to their friends who stood on the walls and heads, watching the noble ship start. I took a good look aft, and seeing nothing but strange faces nothing but strange faces, saving Dan Thompson, who stood alone listening to the bawling of the river pilot, and watching, without, of course, taking any part in the busy scene, I mounted the peop ladder and went up to my friend.

"Hallo, Jack!" cried he, gripping my fingers heartily; "I was only just now thinking of you, and wondering whether you were aboard. When did you come "I told him. "Whisper," says he; "what's the name I'm to call you by I Contound me if I can recollect it—something to do with edge, hadn't it?"

"Egerton—Jack Egerton," I replied; "and for Heyzen's sake. Daned, don't go and forget it.

hadn't it?"
"Egerton—Jack Egerton," I replied; "and for Heaven's sake, Daniel, don't go and forget it. Think of edging down—that's nautical; you can't Egerton-Jack Egerton-I have it now."

"No, no: Egerton—Jack Egerton—I have a now, said he. "Re easy; Egerton's the word."

"Since I've been aboard." said I "I've been rendered doubly anxious by one of the most bothersome things happening that ever you could imagine. I was in hope of getting a cabin to myself, and I find

am to have a companion.
"Well, and what does that mean?" cried he, with a broad grin on his jolly, nantical, red face; " merely that Dan Thompson's a mighty popular skipper, beloved of ladies and gentlemen. Would you have me sail with unlet cabins. And, besides, how many bunks does an old lobscouser like you want to sleep in?"

"That's not it," I replied. "I don't object to a companion. Rut guess who he is to be?"

"Pooh, pooh; out with it, man; how the dickens can I guess?"

"When I spoke to you of the business that's bringing me on this voyage, did I tell you," said I, "that there was a young chap named Morecombe wanted by my sweetheart's father as a husband for my pet?"

"that there was a young chap named Morecombe wanted by my swetheart's father as a husband for my net?"

"Did you's maybe, maybe. And what then?"

"Why, smother him, Daniel, his luggage is in my cabin—he's to be—not my bedfellow, thank Heaven!—but he's to be in the bunk under me. The old man has hoped to make a rat-trap of your ship for his girl. He's planned the voyage for her that young Morecombe may be in her company all the while you keep at sea, and after you've set us ashore. And if that's not enough," cried I savagely, dwelling upon the baseness of the plot (as if I, lads, were the most innocent of beings and not in the smallest degree working out a very much more audacious scheme, "he's to share my cabin, and I'm to have the privilege of hearing him snorting under me in his sleep for seventy or eighty days."

Daniel burst into a loud laugh. "What'll you do, Jack i' he exclaimed. "Since he's to be under you, will you contrive to smother him, one night', your bunk-planks are movable, von know, and there's nothing to prevent you coming down upon him. Pity your mattress isn't a feather-bed." And he broke into another long guilaw.

At this moment the pilot roared ont an order to the wheel, and my friend ran to the rail to peer at something ahead, and there he stood, clean forgetting all about my troubles and thinking only of his ship. It was scarcely the right moment to bother him, though I was determined before we brought up at Gravesend to have my way of him in something I required him to do, so I hauled off and went and sat upon the edge of the after skylight to think a bit, and to have a look at what was going on.

thing I required him to do, so I hanled off and went and sat upon the edge of the after skylight to think a bit, and to have a look at what was going on. And plenty there was to see, as there always is on the Thames, which is the nollest river in the world, to my mind. I have been upon African, and Indian, and South American rivers, and beheld a thousand

strange and shining beauties, and in China have slept on a rushing stream and a crowd of wobbling and shining junks, with a glimpse of temples beyond the outlandish trees, and a soft wind sighing under the sharp, hard blue of the sky, with smells about as aromate as the materials which go to the making of a plure-pudding. But the scenery of the Thames is the work of human hands, and that's the impressive part of the noble old stream. Gaze along it in an atmosphere of yellow light, when magnitude and vagueness are given to the leagues of water sade structures, and when objects gloom upon the dim horizon and cheat you with an idea of immensity by the remoteness they take. The Strathmore's flying-jibboom was looking right over the square stem of the tug, and we were swarming down the bend which bears the polite name of Bugsby's Reach; and thereabouts was no lack of life on that day. There were half a score of big vessels in this reach, coming or going, while lighters crept by broadside on, tugs sped along in quest of towage jobs, passenger steamers drove through the steel-colored water, with a glaneing of silver at their keen stems, and a whirl of snow sluieing in a broad current from under their counters. I took notice of a big Indian steamship leisurely making for Graveseed, trim as a man-of-war, her sides and funnels spotless, her scuttles winking like stars in her as she coiled her chony leigth along the southern sunshine and rounded east ward into Woolwich Reach, while, towing past her for London, there came a small, full-rigged ship from the other side of the world, her brave little hull covered with scars of the contrists she had fought in distant seas, her canvas claussily rolled up, her gear gray from constant wetting and drying, and the crew on the forecastle pointing out to one another the familiar scenes ashore.

This is one of the contrasts the noble river gives you. And look yonder at the familiar Thames wherry, with the old waterman resting on his cars, and squinting over his shoulder at the passing

coal barges in her wake, and see the lazy, gringy villams atop of the dirty heaps, every figure in shirt-sleeves, a pipe in his mouth, and his sooty face to the sky.

Our voyage was begun on a fine, bright day—if so be the hauling out of dock for Gravesend can be called the beginning. We were too near London for the azure overhead to be rich, but there was a gay autumn tone in it, with a lightening of the blue into a kind of silver over the furthest reaches of the south shore, against which every tree, nonse and curve of land took a delicate black outline, like a sketch in mk. The sunshine poured full upon our ship, and put fiery lines into the yellow topmasts and topgallant masts, and notched the skylights and the brass work with flashing white stars; and the soft wind that followed carried the smooke of the ungalong with us for a space until werounded into Galleons Reach, when the dark coil floated away in a bluish shadow over Plumstead Marshes. There was a constant coming and going of figures upon the main deck, with sad-hearted faces overhanging the rail, watching the passing land, and some drunken horse-play of sailors upon the forecastle, where stood the chief mate of the ship, ready to echo the pilot's orders to the tug.

A few of the cuddy passengers had joined the vessel in the docks and sauntered upon the poop. It took notice of what was unmistakably a newly married pair; they kept together arm in arm, and the husband showed his wife the card in the binnacle, the pamp for washing down, betwixt the mizzenmast and the skylight, the quarter-boats and the captain's gig over the stern, with the air of a man with a stern cast of countenance, who walked about with his hands behind him, and every now and again he would come to a stand and cast a look aloft ma manner that made ne suspect he knew tho difference between the head-pump and the poopdownhaul. I afterword found him to be Captain's gig over the stern, with the air of a man who meant to get his honeymoon out of everything that came in his road. There w

cause I was leaving England or because I was afraid of being sea-sick.

Well, by-and-by, we were abreast of Erith, floating pleasantly along, the -ky hollowing over our mastheads into a deeper tint, and the ship making a noble show upon the broadening stream, with a certain ringged, heavy appearance aloft that handsemely fitted her deep trim and the appearance of the men and women who stared over her bulwarks. An outward-bounder she looked, from the vane above the truck to the line of white water which the wheels of the tag swept under her glittering figurehead and along her glossy bends, and I sat looking at the massive yards lying square upon the towering masts, and at the fretwork of shadows cast by the fine shrouds upon the galley and the longboat, and thought of one day when the northeast trades had breezed up into half a gale of wind, and when I leaned over the jib boom

when the northeast trades had breezed up into half a gale of wind, and when I leaned over the jib boom with my hand upon the outer jib-stay and saw such another vessel as this rashing along under a maintopgailant-sail set over a single-reefed topsail, sending the surges boiling far ahead of me with every downward crash of the spearing cutwater, and dinging a continuous roll of thauder upon the gale out of the iron-hard hollows of her white canvas.

Thompson had been talking to a middle-aged lady with an Irish accent, and when they separated I went up to my friend and said, "Daniel, can you listen to me for three minutes?"

"Certainly," he answered, "I must apologize for interrupting you just now. But didn't you notice the dumb-barge right in the road of the tug! T those things are the curse of the river. Captains' lives are made up of nothing but actions brought up against them by barge-owners. What is it you have to say. Seymour?"

against them by barge-owners. What is it you have to say. Seymour?"
"Egerton, man, Egerton—didn't I exhort you not to mistake," cried I.
"Look here, Jack," says he, "Egerton be danned. I shall never be able to remember it, and therefore, to make sure. I must call you Jack, and nothing else. You'can say I'm a cousin, if you like, a founding adopted by your parents, a foster-brother, half a twin, anything you like. But I'll bungle Egerton, as sure as your name's Seymour, so Jack, it must be between us. I'll leave you to account for the familiarity."
"If you can't call me Egerton, then I must be

between us. I'll leave you to account for the miniarity."

"If you can't call me Egerton, then I must be Jack," said I. "There's no familiarity, and consequently any accounting for it would be a mistake. And now I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. When we reach Gravesend, and I catch sight of Miss Hawke coming aboard, I must go and hide, for fear that, should she see me, her astonishment might lead her aunt to suspect who I am."

"But doesn't the aunt know you?" asked Thompson, who had evidently forgotten the story I had given him in the dock.

"No." I answered, "She has never seen me, nor have I ever set eyes on her. Morecombe I onco

"But doesn't the annt know you?" asked Thompson, who had evidently forgotten the story I had given him in the dock.

"No," I answered, "She has never seen me, nor have I ever set eyes on her. Morecombe I onco caught sight of, but I am unknown to him."

"And does Miss Hawke know you?" said he, "Why, hang it all, my good Daniel," cried I, "didn't I tell you that she was haif in love with me, that I was passionately in love with her, and making this voyage for the sake of being with her and in the hope of inducing her to marry me?"

"Yes, yes, I remember now," he replied; "and what is it you want me to do! You said something about hiding."

"I said that when Miss Hawke heaves in sight I must go below. You must take the very first opportunity you can to to! her privately that I am aboard, and beg her not to show any astonishment when I appear, and that you will introduce me to her as though I were a stranger."

"What sort of a cirl is shef! I am willing to oblige you," said he, "but hang it, Jack, you're asking me to take liberties. What will she think when I beg her not to be astonished?"

"Do you think, Daniel," said I, "that I am likely to place an old friend like you in a false position? She will think that you are behaving very kindly to us both in cautioning her against allowing her surprise to betray me to her aunt."

He took a few short turns up and down in front of me, with his good-natured red face working as though he was rehearsing the thing, and then said, "Well, there can be no harm. I'll do this: when she arrives, and a chance comes, I'll say, 'There's an old friend of mine aboard—an old shipmate—named Jack Seymour! she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she lis sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to sing out, 'What! Jack Seymour!' she is sure to

own mind. No harm in it, I hope."
"None whatever."
"And what else is there to do?" said he.
"Why," I replied, "you can tell her that I've asked
you to introduce me to her."
I saw he did not like that, but instead of declining, he said, "What d'ye want to be introduced to
her for? Go plump to her and ask her what she
thinks of the weather. People don't stand on shoregoing ceremonies at sea. You ought to know that,
Jack."
"Very well." said I. "Never mind that part of

"Very well." said I. "Never mind that part of the job, Daniel. If you'll just tell her I'm on board.